

SEE J. Pierpont Morgan is going to give an art museum to the city. remarked The Cigar-Store Man.

"Well," said The Man Higher Up, "he won't be the first come-on that ever passed a gold brick over to the city after he found out that it wouldn't stand the acid test. There is about a cord of gold bricks up at Police Headquarters that have been handed over to the police by the wise guys that bought them.

"I fall to these stories that come from Paris and London to the effect that J. Pierpont has been stung on some of the paintings worked off on him by the dealers. It don't possibly dope out that one man can know everything.

"They can't fool you on tobacco or cigar boxes and you wouldn't buy any counterfeit revenue tax stamps or cigarettes stuffed with hay. If you go to buy a hat they won't try to sell you a dip of the style of Oscar Hammeistein's, and in buying a suit of clothes or other wearing apparel you stand to get a run for your money. Maybe you could get the best of a horse trade, but if a man came in here and showed you a landscape, with the stall that it was painted by an old master, you wouldn't be able to tell whether It was the goods or was turned out by a chromo factory in East Houston street. The chances are that if he wanted a large amount of real money for it you would tell him to take his picture and stick it on a billboard.

"Every rich man has a fad. Some run to horses, some to yachts, some to atomobiles, some to soubrettes, and some to art. For Mr. Morgan the are thing. He was raised in Connecticut and a bank and could spot a phoney \$10,060 stock certificate with his eyes shut and his hands securely wrapped in a Turkish towel. But he'd have to show me before he could prove that he knows whether a picture was painted by Michael Angelo in Rome a few hundred years ago or by George Washington Perkins in an attic in the Latin Quarter of Paris in 1899.

"Personally I know that J. Pierpont has been the softest mark for a gang of youths who live by their wits in this town that ever happened. They have cumped works of art on him that would be refused by Bartholomew O'Connor, the eminent connoisseur who selected the paintings that adorned the walls of McGurk's dance hall on the Bowery.

"At the time of the last yacht race one of these wise youths butter into J. Pierpont's private office with what he said was a painting of the Columbia. He had turned it out in three hours in his studio in the Aulic Hotel and he wanted \$200 for it. The great financier looked t over and said he wouldn't take it because it wasn't a good likeness of the yacht.

"This wise youth immediately began to spout a line of hot air that would heighten the temperature in Arizona, and finally the great financier says that if his naval architect will say that the painting is a good likeness of the Columbia he will stand for the \$200. Now, the wise guy knew that the painting didn't look any more like the Columbia than it did like a Staten Island ferry-boat, but he needed the money.

"He goes and gets a big photograph of the Columbia. He takes this to he architect and gets a certificate that it is a good likeness of the Columbia. Then he goes and doctors the photograph by some process that I don't know anything about, rushes it around to the corner of Wall and Broad and sands the remuneration."

Mr. Morgan can stand it," said The Cigar-Store Man.
"Sure, Mike," replied the Man Higher Up, "but I'd hate to be in his immediate vicinity if he ever gets wise that he's been entered in the Art

WHERE WOMEN AND GIRLS DO THE WORK OF MEN.

These women's wages, at best, seldom

as a rule, may be depended on to turn

out a better article than the men, and

ing to be desired. At the same time

calls the "slap-dash" work turned out

-- a term, as she explains, unknown in

her young days, when work was of a

Yet even now the amount of work

done for the money earned is simply

appalling. For small chain, rather over one-eighth of an inch in thickness, 90.

A hundred-weight of iron contains

about 600 feet of chain rod, and each

foot produces sixteen links, and for

9s. 6d. the toiler has to cut, shape, weld and finish 9,600 links of chain.

Every link has to be twice heated, and

the woman worker has to blow the bel-

lows with her left hand while she ma-

nipulates her three rods in the fire with

Unless two or three trons were kept

simultaneously heating a living could not possibly be made. The toll is con-

stant and the exhaustion after a pro-

Formerly the women worked far into

the night, and the sound of the hammer scarcely ever ceased. But more than

twelve hours a day is now illegal, though in busy times it is said the law is

The great majority of the women have

longed day's labor extreme.

sometimes evaded.

distinctly better quality.

her right.

OPSY-TURVEYDOM prevails in the away at heated chain-links, while a few "Black Country" of Englan not only in the reeling houses, but in are performing exactly similar operations, as they have been at almost any time the poetical ideal, "women of the hearth," has an interpretation not con-

templated by the poet. "hearth" is the tiny, often dilapi- reach \$3,a week. dated, home smithy in which daughters, In the matter of skill nobody dreams wives, mothers and even grandmothers of comparing the women unfavorably toll from morn to eve, heating ham-mering, shaping and welding chain say that for small work the women,

Practically all the small chains below three-eighths of an inch in thick-ness are made by women, less than fifty shows that for finish hey cave nothmen being employed on small sizes, whereas the women smiths number in there are exceptions, and Mrs. Edthe Chadley districts alone at least a munds was very indignant at what she thousand.

part hidden in out-of-the-way corners. the shops mixed up with primitive and neglected outhouses. Unless the constant ring of the anvil aroused his curiosity the unobservant visitor might traverse the place all day without suspecting the existence of this really enormous Industry.

Yet he could hardly enter a court or alley in any direction without stumbling apon a chain shop. In many of these six to eight women and girls are employedt work when the place is in full swing. teen to sixteen will be found bending

four or five is a common number. In one yard alone, appropriately named "Anvil Yard," there must be forty or fifty people In one shop a youth and a girl of fourover separate anvils, and hammering

NATURE'S BAROMETER. WET.





THE IDEAL "NEW YORK GIRL," AS LOCAL ARTISTS SEE HER.



DAN SMITH'S IDEA OF WHAT THE NEW YORK GIRL SHOULD BE.

The true type of the New York girl is subject that is interesting every loyal things, she should be well formed, with the American girl's individuality a fine figure. Her carriage should be based upon ner mentality, and the New number of New York's leading artists and the New Loyal and the New Loyal

DAN SMITH'S IDEA OF WHAT THE NEW YORK GILLs from the content of the women have believeled to attend to, and a delicate inquiry as to the homework elic ted the response from one of them: "Oh that has to go undone until we have time."

The true type of the New York girl is a subject that is interesting every loyal formed, with a fine figure. Her carriage should be handled to the correct tea."

Most of the women leave the shops about noon to prepare the midday meas for their husbands, returning to the chain shop immediately it is over.

Abbity at the anvil is a valuable asset to a marriagosible maiden.

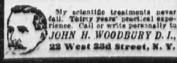
THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES. The Hippopotassus is fond Of rolling in the dirtiest places; and, turning from his cleanly pond, With canua obscures his burly graves.

A dainty bath of stagnant slime is what he never can resist.

This thought he may evolve in time into a Problem Novelits.

Pall Mall Geneties.

Moles, Warts, Freekles, Blotches, Liver Spots, Red Nose, Red Veius, Superfluous Hair and all Disfig-uring, Unsightly, Hamilianing Blemishes that cloud the complex-ion safely and permanently re-moved.



Amusements.



Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) T was washday at the Higginses and Savannah Lou, the prettiest girl in

as the bird that was singing its throat out in the tree above her head. When Waring, the rich young city chap down from Baltimore, in the interest of his lumber firm, entered the log house the dance was at its height, and Savannah Lou, tall and slim as the shaft of the young pine at the door, was standing in the centre of the room with flushed

cheeks and parted lips. Savannah danced with the city man not once, but many times-she was in toxicated with the attention he paid her. He begged for a promenade in the moonlight, and with a defiant look at

me. Ef ye hadn't sald what ye did bout me a-kissin' ye, I'd got off inter Tennessee."

"Air he dead?" Savannah's voice was bardly above a whisper.

"Jes a scratch on his shoulder." scornfully. "n' a lesson fer his head."

Dillingham sprang to his feet, planted his back against the springhouse and drew his revolver.

"They're comin'." Dillingham panted. "Tm goin' ter make it hot fer 'em."

A look of quick relief flashed into Savannah's white face.

"Do hit!" she implored; "do hit quick, fer me!"

"I'll do hit—fer ye—n' be jailed."

The Sheriff and his deputy swept up to the springhouse at a breakneak speed. Savannah was pulling clothes from the line and putting them into her basket—she was singing at the top of her strong young lungs.

The officers dismounted. One of them pushed the springhouse door open and looked in. "You're mighty innocent," he said, "but you're the gal that made the trouble last night—we'll look around a bit."

his confusion he partook of peach pie.

As they rode away the Sheriff said to
his deputy: "That's a mighty peart gal
o' old Higgins's."

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Mrs. E. C. R., New Rochelle.-Keen, Miss A. F., Twentieth street.-Sent Dillingham, standing in gloomy silence intuitions and almost clairvoyant peragainst the door, seh filter out, her ceptions; are also very logical in putintiellect; much innate refinement and imagination far in excess of intuitions and almost clairvoyant perment and imagination far in excess of ceptions; are also very logical in putintiellect; much innate refinement and delicacy of taste; not fitted to battle she passed. she passed.

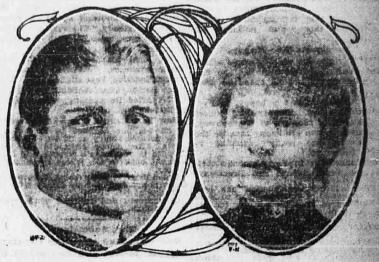
Above the noise of the fiddles Dillingham ham heard a low, angry cry and slipped out to find a young barbarian queen scrubbing a blazing cheek with a poor little cotton handkerchief.

"He kissed me," she cried fiercely, running to Dillingham. "I warn't ever kissed afore—ye know it, Lon. I wanted ye ter be the first." Her voice died away to catch fire again. "Kill him," she sobbed. "Kill him fer insultin me. There was a flash—a report—a heavy fail.

Now, as she washed the ciothes in the sun she did not see the man who rain heavily up the rough road until he fell almost at ther feet.

"I had ter see ye," he panted. "I lowed I had time, but they're hard on me. Ef ye hadn't said what ye did bout me a-kissin' ye, I'd got off inter Tenneseee."

"Air he dead?" Savannah's voice was



the trouble last night—we'll look around a bit."

Savannah gathered more clothes from the line, flung them into the basket and sat on its edge composedly.

"This here basket be a present from Cousin Tildy in South Caroliny—hit's powerful handy."

The search was quickly made—the house was only a double log cabin.

The Sheriff saw the girl's eyes fixed anxiously on a big, black cupboard that s'ood in the corner of the kitchen. He shurifed to it. But she was swifter.

He could have brushed her aside, but he hesitated.

Sudden's her manner changed. "Would Sudden's her manner changed. "Would ye like a bite o' peach pie?" She taunted ye like a bite o' peach pie?" She taunted itself a row of pies and some coarse dishes—nothing more.

The Sheriff looked sheepish—to cover his confusion he partook of peach pie.

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o' old Higgins's."

It was some days later that the deputy said to the Sheriff:

"That gai o' Higgins's is peart—she's the likeliest gal in the county. She had Dillingham in that big basket. All that time she was feedin' us she was holdin' us to let him get away. She's followed him to Tennessee."

Amusements.

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[Th By] Innocent as a Lamb. Minnie Salisman.

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Elfie Fay

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